

Dr. Oats's ANSWER

1683
To Count Teckleys

LETTER

intercepted at

D O V E R:

AN't please your Mightiness yours, I Receiv'd--*Anno Dom 1683. September the 25th new* Stile; I give your Mightiness ten thousand thanks, for all your Favours formerly bestowed upon me, but most especially for these kind Propositions now made me, both by the *Grand Seigneur*, your Grace, and all the Court and Council of that Empire, which I shall most gratefully accept of: and had been with you long before this time, but that our English *Turks* here, have had as great misfortunes in our Affairs at home: as the *Vizier* before *Vienna*; for Sir, you must understand; that this Kingdom the chief of the three, of which I am the Savor.

About ten years ago, this Kingdom I say, was got with Child, with a huge and horrible *Papish-plot* it had neither Head, nor Foot, but sixty thousand Rump-stumps, Tails, and what they call 'ems.' Now Sir, about five years ago---her Belly began to Gripe---she made foul Faces and lookt very black in the Fundament; and fell into Labour with this Plot, and was very ill indeed, she father'd the Plot upon the *Jesuits*, and several other persons of Quality---and several of the *Papists* were hang'd and cut in pieces and the rest Begger'd and Ruin'd, and all the able Men-Midwives in *England* were sent for, to help to deliver her of this great Belly: First that great States Midwife: *Shaftsbury*---who took his turn for four years together, and at last with a full Resolution to fetch it out, thrust his hand a little too far, and broke a Leg or an Arm, and was forc'd to run away to save his Neck. Then was chose a Council of six of the able States Midwives in the Kingdom, to try Experiments, amongst whom the Lord *Rassel* scornng to be out-done, fell to work Tooth and Nail; but being too hot upon't happens to lay hold on the Arse gut and all be sh-t his Fingers. Upon this misfortune he fell into a desperate passion; and in Revenge resolv'd to cut his Majesties Throat, but just in the attempt, his own Head dropt off.

Next comes Midwife *Gray*, but having just left his two Wives behind the Curtain which were really Sisters, and he not being able to satisfy one, his Horns, on a sudden sprouted out, so much longer than his Arms, that they goard *Britain* into the Belly, before he could reach it, which put her into such a Fit of Torture and Kicking, as frighted him out of his sence and sight of the World, that he was never seen since.

Then comes *F---x* with serious reserved, deliberate gravity: And as soon as he had felt how it was with her---he pretended to wish that the *K.* did but know what so much as he did, but feeling the second time---she unmannerly slap't her Tail in his Eye, and pist in his Face---which caused some of the Deputy Midwives to laugh at him; which put the Earl into such a passion, that he swore the *K.* had a hand in it---for which and other Crimes he was clapt up; and in Revenge he playd the fool and cut his own Throat.

Then comes thundering *Tickle me Tom*, and he was so foolish Rash, he'd needs father the Pug before it was Born; he was so in love with the Bastard that attempted to cut off the Royal Line to make a King on't: which made *Britain* up with her heel and hit him a dab o'th' Chops and farted in his Face---Gad, what dos he do for madness, but transforms himself into the Spawn of a Makrel and was never heard of since.

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Next comes Perking *Teckele*---though a *Baltord* he had as undoubted a Right to the Imperial Crown of *England* as your Mightiness to that of *Hungary*-- he laid both his Commissions, Life, and his expected Crown, that he'd fetch it out the first attempt without difficulty-- Then he falls to work, Sir, upon the *Brat*, and got it by the back with both hands at once---and pull'd it with such an undaunted Courage that five hundred Rumps and Tails come off in his hands---and he lost his hold, which so inflam'd his Grace, that he turned up her Tail, and shew'd her Nakedness to forty thousand of the Rable---which made *Britain* pull him by the Lugs---and wrapt a Ladys shitten Smock about his Chops and Eyes and sent his Adle-head, Reeling, Blind-fold from the Land of *Promise* to *Wapping*; where the other Sister wip'd his Chops---and he sputtered and Hector'd about and threatned Revenge for a while; but at last was lost in a Mist, like *Anyas*, for ingratitude and never was heard of since--a great many more made the like attempt, with such or worse success--and some hang'd, some in holl'd, some turn'd Trimmers, and the rest run away for just in the interim when the K. was to have been Murthered comes me in--- one *Howard*, *Rumsey*, *West*, and *Kedling*---and undertook to deliver this great Belly---and upon the word of a Priest, they handled it with such Dexterity, that in a fortnights time, they brought out this great Monster---and what do you think it was that made all this noise---e'en honest *Presbyter John*----- a Delicate Babe----- but so stuff with 'Sociations, Noble Peer's Specche; Holy Leagues, and Covenants, &c. that it was Farting full again: And being an *Incubus* it spoke as soon as it was born, and named above six-Hundred Fathers that were at the getting on't---*Shaftsbury*, *Tongue*, and my self, three of the Chief-- then drawing its Mouth on one side; Cry'd, You must all turn *Turks* or be Damn'd---and ever since I have had a great Ambition to leave off my Hypocritical Jump, and turn *Musty*. But how do you think this *Brat* serv'd us at last; for all we have lick't it into five hundred shapes and colors; nothing serves its turn but speaking truth with a Pox to the *Rascal*: & has spoiled all our future proceedings; and we have lost the Charter into the bargain. But as for Popish Commissions; Spanish Pilgrims, Black Bills, French Armies. Pickerings Guns, *Teuxbury* Mustard-Balls, Popish plots &c. I received ready mony for them: both from Court and City at once: but now, notwithstanding all my Guards, I was arrested three or four times a week, and have neither plot nor Commission to make a penny on, to help my self withall; and my *Bums*. like a company of Revenous Wolves, are ready to tear my heart out. But for *West's* Blunderbush, *Wildmans* Cannon, most of them are visibly taken and Seized by the K--- Just now my sacred person was seized for twenty pounds due for linnen, which I took up to wipe clean my Bums. To conclude Sir, unless our party can get to a head, before the K. calls a Parliament, all our Gang must, of necessity, flie to your Mightiness for Refuge--- There ore I beseech you let the *Savaglio*, be forthwith made ready for me, and my Retinue---for Bums I shall carry fourscore a long with me, for Whores, and Bauds, let there be two thousand made ready: for I intend to out-do *Sallomon* in Letchery, *Mahomet* in Blasphemy, and *Judas* in Perjury and Treachery ---

your Mightiness's most humble

Servant, and Multi to the Grand Turk

TITUS OATS.

POSTSCRIPT

AN't please your Mightiness, though you have not yet thought it convenient to hazard your Sacred Person--- or Army in the Fight; yet the *Turks* are very much weak'ned--- and I was thinking to have sent a Detachment of fifty thousand French Protestant Mahometans, which *Shaftsbury* sent for over to be ready upon such occasions---but they have such Damn'd Mahometan Stomachs they'l eat you all up, both Horse and Man: for there is a certain Lord of our partys forc'd to cut them out a whole Ox and Broth, three times a Week, to save his own Person from the fury of their Teeth I am sadly hampered amongst the Christians here: they have burn'd me in *Effigie* with as much Ignominie as *Waller* burnt their Crucified-God in *Effigie*. Another of 'em sent me a Barrel of *Oysters*, in the name of one of our Mahometans, I invited my Friends to the Colation, and told 'em I was not quite forgot yet. There were twenty o'th' top of delicate ones, look you here quoth I, turn 'em out Boy, turn out; out they came, and what do you think they were---by *Mahomet*, nothing but Shells and a long Rope Quoyled up in the middle, and frosted---over with a T---